

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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JANUARY 26, 1919

## "Your Flag and My Flag."

BY ETHEL GESSNER ROCKWELL.

**A**LBERT wondered for the hundredth time what old Francis had to tell him. He was sure it was something important. If only he could go right now and find out! But four years in a Belgian city, always, always guarded by the pacing Huns, had taught Albert that to do things in daylight was almost never safe. You waited till the gray, savage soldiers were busy after twilight with their evening meal, then you stole out softly from your own darkening rooms, slipped through the shadows and watched your chance to run breathlessly across the lighted spaces, till you came to the edge of the town and the bridge guarded by old Francis, who was left in charge because it was a lonely place and the soldiers liked better their noisy evening parties.

"I'm only ten years old, I know," Albert would say to old Francis, "but you can trust me. I'm named for my king, and I can keep secrets and help to make my country free." Proudly he would touch his blouse over the left side, and old Francis knew the boy who was named for his king kept there the tiny red, yellow, and black flag of his country, where no Hun could see and insult it. Albert and Francis were always planning, hoping, planning, how sometime the soldiers would come and the Huns would have to leave their captured Belgium.

When night came, Albert kissed his mother, his poor tired mother who had worked all day in a factory making shells, and stole out for his visit. Francis had sent word he had something special to tell him.

Francis waited. The night was damp and foggy, and it was almost dark when Albert at last slipped like a little shadow into the great dark at the end of the gray old bridge.

"Sh!" he warned. "I just got almost caught by Captain Franz," and holding their breathing still they waited till the crunch of the swaggering footsteps on the gravel had died away.

Francis was unfolding with shaking, slow old fingers a dirty bit of paper he had taken from inside his shirt. "I found it to-day," he whispered wheezingly. "It blew right down from somewhere—I found it right here by my foot when I stooped."

Together they crackled open the paper. It had on it a picture, in colors,—red, white, and blue.

"It's a flag," explained old Francis, in cautious tones. "It's the flag of America. I've seen pictures of it before. There was words on the bottom, but they've got torn off, all but just one line. See—it says, 'Your flag and my flag.' Now what do you suppose that means?"

Albert bent over and they studied the words together. Suddenly the boy straightened up, his eyes shining, his voice quivering with hope.

"I know," he cried softly, "oh, I know—it means the American soldiers are coming to drive away the Germans. It does—it does! O Francis, doesn't it? Probably they're coming with the English. O Francis, will it be soon, do you think—will it be soon?"

Dancing with joy, he looked deep into

soon? They wondered. It *must* be soon, they said to each other. Old Francis promised to let the boy know if he found out anything more, then they whispered good-night and Albert silently slipped away home.

It was so much in his thoughts that for days he could not get away from his wonderful hope, and for nights he dreamed of the flag and the soldier. So young and straight a soldier—"he looks like father," the boy told his mother proudly.

Albert's biggest wish, as the great hope grew, was that he might do something to help when the soldiers came to save them. He and his mother talked in whispers about it as they lay in bed at night,—poor mother, so tired and always so frightened for fear the cruel Huns would some day carry her away from her boy.

"If I were only a man," he would sigh.

"But if you were, dear boy," mother would answer, "you would long ago have died for your country." Then he would hold her close and kiss away her tears and try not to cry himself, for he knew they were both thinking of dear father.

One night his beautiful plan came, all out of the dark like a dream. He had to wake mother right up and tell her quick, and mother lay sharing his excitement and helping him plan. He would make a flag, a flag of America, like the picture. Old Francis would let him take the paper. He would make a flag, to wave when the soldiers came! They would be glad to see their own country's flag. He would have it all ready to wave when they came marching in!

How they planned! Old Francis let them have the picture, and they hunted and borrowed till they found enough red and blue to cut up and begin.

All day, while mother worked under her soldier guard, Albert worked at home, cutting and stitching, studying his picture. He wondered if you had to have so many stars.

One morning he was bending over his picture, the open tin box on the table beside him, his now nearly finished flag waiting for its stars, when he heard loud steps, and a group of soldiers came up the street.

In sudden terror for his flag, and even for his own life if they found him out, he stuffed everything into the tin box and snapped it shut. Nearer came the heavy steps and the loud voices. *Would they—they couldn't be—yes, they were coming*



Drawing by H. Weston Taylor.

"Your flag and my flag," the boy said joyously."

old Francis' eyes. And Francis looked back, slowly taking in the boy's great thought.

"Well, now, maybe you're right," mused the old man, "maybe you're right. Here's another I found yesterday."

He fumbled again, both listening all the while for any sound of footsteps in the gray night. They bent close and looked, by the ghostly light at the end of the bridge. A tall young soldier in khaki! The paper was stained and torn, but there was the soldier!

They talked long and softly, with more of hope than they had dared to feel for four long frightful years. Would it be

in! He saw Captain Franz, who was fond of rummaging their pantry to see if mother had cooked any rice-cakes. *Where* should he put the box? They would find it. Oh, *where!* White with terror, he seized it, snatched off the cover of a big iron kettle on the stove, dropped it into the black water, slid on the cover and ran back to the table just as the soldiers reached the door.

They came blustering in, joking and laughing, and banged through the tiny rooms and into the pantry. They found nothing to eat, which made them angry. Albert held his breath when one of them lifted the cover of the big kettle, but the water was deep and black and they thought it was empty. So they rattled out into the street again without touching the small boy reading so quietly at the table, and never guessed his thumping heart or his secret. A long time after they were gone Albert fished out his box and found the precious flag unhurt!

He had not long to wait for his great hope. The next time he went to see Francis to tell him the flag was done, the old man had news. The Germans were planning to leave the town that very night! The Americans and the English were coming. He whispered it close in the boy's ear, while they watched to see that no one was listening or spying upon them.

There was great stir and excitement in the city. No one knew what was going to happen, though all knew enough to keep in their houses out of sight and to ask no questions. But one old man, a little boy named for his king, and a tired mother were hoping their great hope, and in one Belgian home waited a patched and crooked American flag!

Early in the evening began the tramp of heavy feet and the clank of bayonets and rifles. On and on they marched, toward the bridge, group after group, in muttering silence. All night they marched and marched. Albert named for his king leaned his head on the window-sill in the dark room and watched, his heart beating so loudly he could hear it in his throat. What if they should stop, or set fire to the house, or carry off mother. In his blouse was the Stars and Stripes—would they never be gone, these gray, muttering men? Would the Americans never come? Should he be there, alive, to wave his welcoming flag?

At last, tired out with his own fears and hopes, he laid his head in mother's lap and slept. They both slept, even mother, so tired and worn.

They were awakened by a stirring, a moving, a sound of people in the streets, but not soldiers. What was it? They were all moving, silently, slowly, cautiously—where? Mother and Albert joined the rest outside their own door. Not a gray soldier was in sight.

They held their breath. The sun was just coming up. Everybody kept moving on, toward the bridge at the southern end of the city, the bridge where old Francis watched.

Suddenly Albert named for his king knew. The Americans were coming. The war was over. The Huns were gone. On the bridge were the khaki soldiers, long lines of them. What was that the rising sun was shining on?

"Mother! Francis!" he gasped. "Look! the Americans! the American flag!"

He darted forward, slipping in and out through the crowd, till he was at the very bridge's end.

With fingers that trembled he fumbled in his blouse and pulled out his flag, his precious flag, crooked, with different reds in its bars and not quite the right number of stars, but the Stars and Stripes ready for this moment. He shook it out and held it high as he could reach with his thin little upstretched arms. The sun caressed it, the morning breeze tossed it and waved it and flung it back again protectingly around the boy's slight body.

There was an instant's hush, then a mighty cheer went up from the on-coming khaki ranks; it was taken up by the crowds in the streets, clinging to each other, tears streaming down their faces.

One after another, as the swift-swinging lines came forward, the silken stripes and stars and the tattered battle banners dipped in salute to the brave little flying flag in the hands of the boy. When a clean young soldier sprang out of the line and swung boy and banner to his tall shoulder, nobody reproved him.

"Your flag and my flag," the boy said joyously, and Belgium had welcomed her deliverers by the boy Albert named for his king.

### Pine-Knots.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

**O**UT of doors it's bleak and blowing,  
But inside the hearth-fire's glowing;  
Cheery pine-knots, blazing, snappy,  
Bring me summer playtime happy.

In the firelight I can see  
Pine and spruce and aspen tree,  
Brooks where speckled beauties leap,  
Bands of daring mountain sheep.

When the wood fire pops and roars,  
Then again I'm out of doors;  
Wander where the squirrels play,  
See the dun deer bound away.

So no matter how it's snowing,  
Gay and bright the hearth-fire's glowing;  
Pine-knots, cheery, blazing, snappy,  
Bring to mind vacation happy.

### Songs of Snowflake.

BY MARTHA YOUNG.

**Y**ES, though I am a snowflake,  
'Tis this I'd like to do—  
I would not come in winter,  
When it is cold, would you?

I'd come to touch the roses  
When they are fever hot;  
I'd brush the dust from lilies  
And wash away each blot.

I'd nestle in the pansies,  
A drop of water cool;  
I'd bring the cresses new life,  
When dried up in their pool.

Then cried my head unto my heart:  
"You silly snowy elf,  
You do come as the rain then—  
Say! Don't you know yourself?"

### Johnny-cake.

BY NAN TODD.

**T**HE black and white dog slipped unnoticed into the Marvin yard. He had walked miles and miles and was very tired, hungry, and discouraged. His red tongue lolled from his mouth, his fur was no longer sleek and shiny, but bedraggled and full of burrs and stick-tights, while one foot was sore from the three months' traveling in search of the master whom he had lost. There had been various friends along his arduous route, kindly ones and otherwise. Because he was so tired that he could no longer walk, because it was cold and it had rained, and because already the afternoon was nearly gone, he had turned into the Marvin yard for protection. The old days of traveling with his master had taught him of whom to ask a night's lodging. But the same friend had also told him to always pay in advance for hospitality.

The dog had seen Mr. Marvin and his young son Teddy standing by their auto. The father had just finished repairing a tire, and stood with the old one in his hands.

"This tire's seen its best days. Want to sell it, Ted, for old rubber?"

"Sure"—

The sentence was left unfinished, for the little stranger, bravely gathering his last forces together, rushed toward the two and like a flash shot through the tire, turning a magical somersault. This act accomplished as if he thought his startled audience were still unsatisfied, he turned another somersault, barked, danced, then sat up on his hind legs and just begged with his eyes, as plain as if he had spoken, —he asked for kindness and a bit of cheer. But before Ted could reach him he toppled over into a forlorn little heap.

"O dad—look, he's dead!"

But Mr. Marvin had gathered the dog into his arms. "Just hungry, son," was the quiet reply.

And such a supper as the guest devoured! Piece after piece of johnny-cake, drinking in between times two bowls of heated milk, much to Ted's surprise, who didn't like the delicious corn-meal bread his mother always made on wheatless day. When warmed and fed, the dog sat on a rug close to the kitchen stove and watched his new friends. His injured foot had been carefully bandaged by Ted, the patient showing his gratitude by repeatedly licking his benefactor's hands.

A week passed. When Ted had laughingly called the dog "Johnny-cake," for there seemed no limit to his capacity for the bread, the little stranger had barked enthusiastically, showing as best he could that the "Johnny" part of it was his name. This simple fact, combined with the Marvins' hospitality, the wet, cold roads, biting winds, and foot which still pained, persuaded the dog to remain for the time at least in his new friend's home. Events had happened which one couldn't help, but for the present, patience to wait and watch with generous appreciation of Ted's kindness were all-important. Thus the days passed.

But meantime, Johnny-cake had shown to his friends that he was really a trick dog, that he had been taught in French. Until his friends had learned this fact, he

always went through the entire programme with willingness and good-nature. Thus Ted, with his father's help, acquired a limited French vocabulary, entirely for Johnny-cake's benefit. The news of the dog's ability, enhanced by his mysterious appearance, soon traveled around the small city of Kenyon, even beyond its smoky, noisy limits into the surrounding country.

"He's a circus dog," Jack Roland said to Ted, "and I bet he ducked the show 'cause they treated him mean."

"Sure he was a show dog! But I don't believe he ducked 'cause he didn't have a square deal. It's something else. He never stops lookin' as if he hoped the door'd open and he'd see somebody he'd been waitin' for—and—there's something about him that just gets me!"

"I know—it's his eyes—but he likes you just the same, though!"

"Sure he does!" Ted gave a resounding slap on Johnny's back as he stood pressed close to his legs. "We're pals!—say—know what Johnny and me are goin' to do?"

"Nope."

"We're goin' to be in the Red Cross show. The bills to-morrow'll tell about it, —read something like this: 'Johnny-cake the wonderful dog'll loop the loop, somersault, and—dance—you know all!'"

"Jiminy! Can't I help carry the hoops, barrels, and junk you'll use for the stunts?"

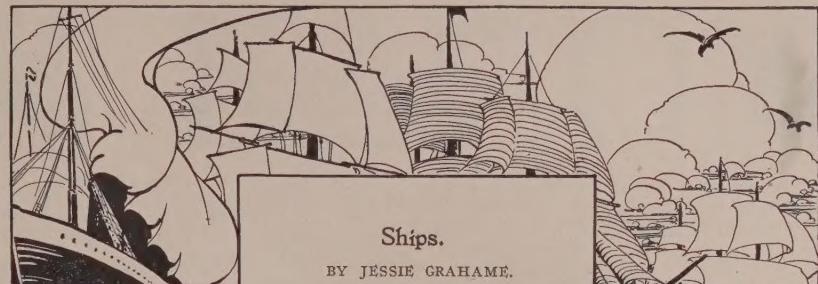
"Sure—I was goin' to ask you anyway."

The night of the Red Cross performance arrived. The big armory was packed, for the proceeds were to be used for the soldiers, and Kenyon had already sent nearly a regiment of Guards to the Front. A few late-comers straggled into the building during the slight intermission, while Ted, with his father's and Jack's help, arranged the stage for Johnny-cake's act. The dog sat on a chair, watching their excited preparations with the calm, professional air. For the band-playing, noisy crackling of programmes, scuffling of feet, and clapping of hands were nothing to him; but to Ted—he could scarcely breathe with the excitement of the event.

A small loose-jointed man with a thin, tanned face and gray kindly eyes entered the big, noisy room just as the curtain rose and Ted, with Johnny wearing the cap of an American soldier, carrying a French flag, appeared into view. The glaring posters outside had attracted the man—he had been prepared; still the programme in his hand fluttered unheeded to the floor, a mist gathered in his eyes, and his lips moved as if he would speak. Then as Ted's trembling, young voice uttered a command in something that sounded like French, and the dog enthusiastically obeyed his blushing compatriot, the stern lines of his face softened and he smiled.

"Poor little Johnny—and a Frenchman, too," he thought, drawing a hand across his eyes.

Thus in the dim armory the man stood, staring at the brilliantly lighted stage. Not a movement of the little actor was lost to him. Once when Johnny-cake, at a special, enthusiastic encore, sat on his hind legs close to the footlights, a flag in his paws, the cap on his shaggy head, the big searching something in his eyes, the stranger started toward the broad aisle—but suddenly drew back into the shadow.



Drawing by Julia Daniels.

### Ships.

BY JESSIE GRAHAME.

THERE are ships that are large, and  
ships that are small,  
Sailing the ocean blue;  
And some sort of cargo is in them all,—  
What will they bring to you?  
Oh, the way their wonderful freight to  
win,  
I can tell you easily,—  
If you would have cargoes coming in,  
You must send ships out to sea.

Send ships out to sea!  
Send ships out to sea!  
Though for many a year they may not  
appear,  
They'll come back eventually.

Send out your good ship "Kindly Deeds,"  
And the good ship "Honest Work."  
Keep home the pirates "Hates" and  
"Greeds,"  
Bad cargoes in them lurk.  
And all the ships that you can build  
Keep sending day by day.  
Sometime with unknown treasures filled  
They'll come back and repay.

They'll come back and repay.  
They'll come back and repay.  
Don't be afraid when your plans are laid,  
For to dare is the only way.

Send them out east, send them out west;  
Send them to friends and foes;  
Send them to strangers, possibly  
You'll be surprised—who knows?  
But one little rule through thick and thin  
Obey most carefully,—  
To have good cargoes coming in,  
Send good ships out to sea.

Send good ships out to sea!  
Send good ships out to sea!  
For it's only in trade that your cargo is  
made,  
So what will your offering be?

There are ships that are large and ships  
that are small  
Sailing the ocean blue,  
And some sort of cargo is in them all,—  
What will they bring to you?  
Have you tried their wonderful freight to  
win?

Or held back, fearfully?  
If you like not your cargoes coming in,  
What did you send to sea?  
  
What did you send to sea?  
What did you send to sea?  
For nothing is won without something  
done,  
And that's true for you and me.

When the act was over, encores, curtain calls, and all, he hurriedly turned and left the room, nor did he hesitate until he was blocks away from the building in the seclusion of the station and a ticket purchased for New York in his wallet.

Not one of the enthusiastic audience had known that Johnny's old master had been in their midst. Had they known more of the dog's history, his act would have taken on even more glory. For when Johnny was a puppy he had belonged to a young Englishman. When the call came for soldiers, he had joined a Canadian regiment and left for England. Then he had given his dog to Pierre Lecroix, a Frenchman. They were both members of a small traveling circus.

One day Pierre was taken sick and at a physician's advice remained in a small Ohio city hospital for care. A month later, when he had sought the show in upper Michigan he found it had disbanded. A rainy season and hard luck had caused it all. No one in the town where the event had happened knew the whereabouts of its members or had seen the little dog.

Pierre had searched for his friend, but in vain until he came to Kenyon to enlist his services for France; but now—

"He's a nice kid—an' Johnny like him, I see that," Pierre muttered to himself.

"An' he be good to my doggie. Bill, he gave Johnny to me 'cause he fight. I give Johnny to the little American kid 'cause I fight. We three great friends!"

Then Pierre smiled at the memory of Ted's French. How just such boys had cheered both him and Johnny in the old days and made life worth while with honest appreciation of their act! He had loved Johnny; they had weathered many hard storms together. He would miss him. Still—he had chosen. It was for the best, and there must be no turning back. The train had arrived. With a sudden dash he left the station and swung aboard—and then was gone.

### The World's Only Chance.

WE are living in a time when everybody seems to be saying, "Let us set up some new machinery," and nobody seems to be saying, "Let us each try to be a better man." What we most need to learn afresh just now is this—that, mentally and spiritually, the world is never going to be altered except by the alteration of men; that men are never going to be altered except by the alteration of each man; and that each man is not going to be altered except to the extent that he alters himself, with the help of God.

J. J. WRIGHT.



## THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

WEST STREET,

GREEN HARBOR, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Grace Chapel Sunday school. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy reading the stories. My Sunday school teacher is Mrs. Peterson. I like to go to Sunday school. I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Yours truly,

FLORENCE BROWN.

9 HARRISON STREET,

CONCORD, N.H.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have written you once before, and I saw the letter printed in *The Beacon*. I like *The Beacon* very much. I am now thirteen years old.

My father is as much interested in your paper as I am, especially in the Recreation Corner. My father and sister have just been helping me make some puzzles, which I am sending with this letter.

I still go to the Unitarian Sunday school. We have no regular minister now, because one of the last two died in the epidemic of influenza and the other is in the army. Our church school superintendent is still Miss Gertrude Downing. My teacher is Mrs. Putnam.

Yours sincerely,

FRANCES SMYTHE.

### When Kings Go Riding By.

BY HARRIET IVES.

"WHICH little girl did you like best when you were in Cuba, Aunt Janet?" asked Lois.

"There were many nice girls in my school," said Aunt Janet, "but I think Manuelo was a favorite of mine. She was a tiny brown girl with dark eyes. She was quite pretty and wore cool light-colored clothing. She always wore a gay ribbon on her hair and held a little fan in her hand, to open and shut all the time. She played with dolls as you do, and knew many nice games. In one of these a little girl would pretend to be a rabbit and hop all about the ring where the others were."

"Tell me about Manuela's Christmas Day," urged Lois.

"You will be surprised to know that Manuela received no gifts and gave none at Christmas," said Aunt Janet.

"Did she have no pleasure then?" asked Lois, sorrowfully.

"Yes, indeed," replied her aunt. "All of her little cousins, in fact all of her relatives, came to her mother's house that day. They were very merry and dined upon roast pig and other dishes they liked."

"Did she never hang up her stocking?" asked Lois.

"No," Aunt Janet shook her head and smiled as she added, "but she did put her two tiny shoes in an open window on the night before the sixth of January. This is a great day with her people. They call it 'The Day of the Kings.'"

"Why?" asked Lois.

"Manuela has been told that it is the anniversary of the day when the Wise Men came to see the child Jesus. She thinks they still go riding by. Her parents

470 MAIN STREET,  
WALTHAM, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the First Parish Church. My sister and I go to Sunday school every Sunday.

I get *The Beacon* every Sunday. I enjoy reading it very much. I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the pin. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Emma Smith. I am nine years old.

Yours truly,

BETTY MOORE.

111 RICHMOND STREET,  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am fourteen years old. I am a member of the Third Religious Society Sunday school. Our minister is Mr. Lyding, and our Sunday school superintendent is Mr. Oliver, who is also our teacher. I like *The Beacon* very much and would like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear the emblem.

Sincerely yours,

W. GORDON SWAN.

Other new members of our Club are Selma Marian Urband, Ithaca, N.Y.; in Massachusetts: Emily Chickering and Geraldine Hodgson, Dover; John Atwood, Hingham Center; Lloyd S. West, Norwell.

fill her shoes with candies and gifts for their little girl."

"I see," said Lois, "it is Love, after all, which goes riding by."

"Yes," said Aunt Janet, "and Love is with us and watching over us all the time."

### The Spelling Match.

BY GERTRUDE WINHAM FIELDER.

TEN lads and lassies, standing in a line;

"P-r-i-t-t-y, pretty,"—then there were nine.

Nine lads and lassies, all timid of their fate;

"M-e-a-s-e-l-s, measles"—then there were eight.

Eight lads and lassies, eyes like stars of heaven;

"N-o-r-t-y, naughty,"—then there were seven.

Seven lads and lassies, in a dreadful fix; "C-i-l-l-y, silly,"—then there were six.

Six lads and lassies, resolv'd each to strive; "P-a-l-a-s-e, palace,"—then there were five.

Five lads and lassies, each moment anxious more;

"C-h-e-r-f-u-l-l, cheerful,"—then there were four.

Four lads and lassies, longing to be free; "H-a-p-y, happy,"—then there were three.

Three lads and lassies, trying hard and true;

"P-r-o-m-i-c-e, promise,"—then there were two.

Two lads, no lassies,—ready both to run;

"S-p-o-t-l-e-s, spotless,"—then there was one.

One lone lad, some proud mother's little son;

"V-i-c-t-o-r, victor,"—the spelling match was won.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXXIII.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 6, 23, 2, 7, is a boy's name.

My 13, 3, 19, 20, 22, 1, is when a horse runs fast.

My 17, 8, 11, is not dry.

My 12, 9, 21, is a covering for the head.

My 26, 28, 29, is a place of privacy.

My 4, 24, 27, 5, is a form of the verb come.

My 25, 18, 18, is to do away with.

My 10, 14, 15, 27, is part of a house.

My whole is a well-known saying.

FRANCES SMYTHE.

### ENIGMA XXXIV.

I am composed of 15 letters and am the name of a movement in which Americans are much interested.

My 4, 3, 1, 2, is a quantity of paper.

My 4, 7, 12, 13, 14, 15, is the amount of food served to a soldier.

My 10, 9, 14, 8, is a hill in Jerusalem.

My 11, 12, 12, 5, 6, is at the top of the house.

M. J. WALLACE.

### TWISTED RIVERS.

- |                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Sppmisisisi. | 6. Bulocaim.       |
| 2. Zmaona.      | 7. Kanassra.       |
| 3. Gayuraap.    | 8. Hool.           |
| 4. Conrool.     | 9. Ntais Reenewal. |
| 5. Simuiros.    | 10. Qesuuahnhs.    |

BERNARDINE BARKER.

### FRACTIONS.

1. Take a fourth of a rose, two-fifths of a pansy, a fourth of a lily, and have a precious stone.

2. Take a fourth of a ruby, a fifth of a topaz, an eighth of a sardonyx, a sixth of a garnet, and have a flower.

3. Take a half of a riot, a fourth of an oath, a fourth of a poem, and have a solemn ceremony.

4. Take a fourth of a pier, a fourth of a navy, a fourth of a ship, another fourth of a ship, a third of a gig, a fourth of a navy again, and have a naval officer.

5. Take a fourth of milk, a fifth of water, a third of oil, a fifth of a tonic, and have a metal.

*Youth's Companion.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15.

ENIGMA XXIX.—Give me liberty or give me death.

ENIGMA XXX.—Tom Sawyer.

PIED WORDS.—Algeria. Birthday. Christmas. America.

TWISTED SEAS IN EUROPE.—1. Mediterranean.

2. Black. 3. Caspian. 4. Adriatic. 5. North.

6. Baltic. 7. White. 8. Aegean. 9. Irish. 10. Azov.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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